

Bad Dream Makes Me Sleep Talk

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Bad Dream Makes Me Sleep Talk

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Summary

George is exhausted, trying to get through one last round of Quiplash.

(AKA: What happens when Dream says something naughty to the sleep-talker he is in a secret relationship with?)

Notes

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[Link to Soundgasm](#)

George was tired, like actually exhausted. It was 7 am where he was, and he had been streaming for 6 and a half hours, first with Quackity, then on his own stream, and now in Karl's. He was fading fast, and he had half a mind to call it a night and give in.

“Seriously, guys, I’m so sleepy,” he groaned, slumping onto his desk.

“George, you can’t leave!” Sapnap said, “Whose ass am I going to kick in this game?”

Dream laughed. “So you admit it then? You admit the only reason you don’t come in last is because George plays?”

“Hey!” George grumbled, lifting his head. “I do not come in last place *every* time. I’ve even won a few times. Jackbox games are honestly so random for who wins.”

“Yeah, so random.” Karl rolled his eyes, visible for the whole stream. “Randomly, Dream wins every game.”

“That’s not true either,” George corrected.

“No, yeah, that’s not true,” Dream agreed.

“Let’s just admit you’re all sore losers so we can play this game!” Quackity was incredibly impatient by that point.

This led to a lot of debate, which George just couldn’t find the energy to care about. Maybe he could get a little nap in before they actually started playing. He let his eyes blink shut, cradling his head in his arms and breathing out slowly. It wasn’t as comfortable as his bed, but, at that point, he would take anything.

“GEORGE!” Sapnap’s voice slapped him, and George jolted awake.

“What?” he grumbled.

“Were you *actually* sleeping? During my stream?” Karl complained.

George sighed, letting his head drop back to the desk. “I told you, I’m *tired*.”

“Can you do just one more game?” Dream asked, voice soft. “For me, Georgie?”

It was really impossible for him to say no to Dream, especially since they had started messing around behind the scenes. Besides, George might be able to use this against Dream later, and that was always a lot of fun. “Fiiiiiiiine.”

The voice chat filled with cheers and celebration, and George tried to drag himself fully into consciousness for one last game of Quiplash. It wasn’t their favorite game, but George had insisted, since it didn’t require too much participation. He could just drop in his answers and rest until the next round, while occasionally pushing a button. There was no presentation part and not a lot of typing needed.

“I hope you realize all my answers are going to pandering trash,” George murmured, typing while half lying on his desk. The entire call filled with mumbled complaints, but George cut them off with, “I was trying to go to sleep. That’s what you get.”

“Come on, George, at least try a little!” Sapnap begged.

“No.” As George said that, something on his desk buzzed. He slapped his hand around, trying to find the source, and he hit his phone.

Snapchat from Dream <3

Hey, are you sure you’re alright, hon?

George let out a little sigh of contentment. Things had been a lot better for him since he and Dream

had started... Well he wasn't sure what they were calling it, but the something they had together. He took a picture of his sleepy face, half buried in the sleeve of his hoodie.

The top caption read: *Yeah, I'm fine. Just actually tired. I'll be better when I sleep.*

The bottom caption read: *Now that we're doing this thing together, is "DNF" a more or less appropriate reply?*

Five seconds after he sent it, Dream burst out laughing, which made George giggle too.

"What are you two doing?" Quackity asked, "Flirting?"

"I'm just laughing at my answer," George replied.

Dream was still laughing, but once he calmed down he said, "Same, but for mine. It's a good one."

Quackity got really close to his mic and spoke right against the filter. "Your answers had better be fucking *hilarious*."

"Or what?" George murmured, "You'll accuse us of flirting again? Oh no."

That got the whole call laughing, but all George could do was smile sleepily, still resting his head on his desk.

Finally, the first round began, but George was barely paying attention. He wasn't even voting, honestly, just staring at his phone as the images shifted and disappeared. He was finally pulled back into it when one of his answers, the "DreamNotFound" one, quiplashed Sapnap, and everyone yelled at him for pandering.

"I literally told you I would," George yawned in response, "I don't know what you expected."

The more the game dragged on, the more he realized he might not be able to make it through to the end. He was barely keeping his eyes open. Then, his second answer caused even more of an uproar, which he, again, wasn't really paying attention to.

"Fuck me, Daddy?" Quackity quoted, before exploding with laughter. "Who wrote that? Who the fuck wrote that? Oh my God!"

"Yeah, okay, actually, who wrote, 'Fuck me, Daddy,'" Karl asked, "Cause that's cheap."

"It was probably, George," Sapnap groaned.

"Can you imagine, though?" Dream pitched his voice up and added a little bit of a whine. "Oh, fuck me, Daddy!"

George responded immediately, without even a second of hesitation, "Later, baby, I promise. Daddy's tired."

The call went dead silent. There was literally no sound, until the cards flipped to reveal "Fuck me, Daddy" as the winner, a quiplash too, and George had submitted it. The curtains drew as the game moved to round two, oblivious to the fact that all participants were completely stunned.

Dream's brain finally caught up with him, and he let out a sputtered, "Whaaaat?! WHAT?!" but he was too slow.

"Dream, what the hell was *that*?" Quackity demanded.

“What do you mean?” Dream tried to cover, but it was pretty obvious. “*I* didn’t do anything?”

“Yeah, you did!” Sapnap giggled, “Cause he only said it for you!”

“I mean, all of us except Sapnap said, ‘Fuck me, Daddy,’ but he only responded to you,” Karl noted.

“That’s literally just a coincidence!” Dream stammered, “I said mine last, so he was sleepy enough to reply to mine, *as a joke*, but not for anyone else.”

“Watch.” Sapnap paused, clearing his throat for drama, and whispered, with a whine, “Fuck me, Daddy!” but there was no reply from George.

Karl and Quackity both did their best desperate, whimpering versions of the phrase, and, again, there was no response from George. Everyone in the call was giggling by that point, except Dream, who was freaking out, and George, who was barely even conscious.

“You *have* to do it again, Dream!” Quackity urged.

“I don’t *have* to do anything!” Dream retorted, “I didn’t agree to this at all! What are you guys even doing?!”

Sapnap giggled again, clearly enjoying it too much. “I mean, if you won’t do it again, then we’ll just *know* that there’s something going on.”

Karl started hopping in his chair, trying not to tip it over so he wouldn’t miss anything. “The DNFers are going to have a field day!”

“Fine! I’ll do it!” Dream started to panic a little, worried that the things they had been doing together would be revealed to the world in the silliest way possible. He started spam texting George, hoping that it would snap him out of it enough that he wouldn’t do it again. It would be easier to call, but everyone would definitely hear that, and it would be so suspicious.

“Hurry UP!” Quackity yelled.

“Fine!” Dream cleared his throat, and did the same voice as last time, but slightly toned down. “Fuck me, Daddy.”

“Baby, I said later, okay? Come cuddle instead.” George’s voice was clearly stained with sleep, but he still said it earnestly, and the rustling of him adjusting on the desk just added to it.

There was a beat of silence, but then *everything* exploded. The chat, which had already been going feral, started to whizz by impossibly fast, with most messages featuring something about DreamNotFound. Everyone in the call, except Dream, was actually freaking out, a cacophony of “I knew it!” and “I can’t believe they finally admitted it!” Dream himself was groaning into his hands, which were covering his face.

All the noise finally woke George up, and he stretched, lifting himself off the desk. “What’s happening? What did I miss?”

“You just said, ‘Later baby’ to Dream when he begged you to fuck him!” Quackity replied, laughing.

“WHAT?” George looked at the chat, and all he saw was, “DNF confirmed?” He took a deep breath. “Dream, is that true? Why would you even *say* that?!”

“I was reading YOUR stupid answer!” Dream retorted, “And YOU’RE the one who’s over here sleep talking about our relationship!”

“Relationship? Pog?” Karl interjected.

Sapnap scoffed. “Oh no, they’re going to break up before we even get to make fun of them for dating.”

The sounds of the call echoed back and forth, so loud that it was impossible to tell one voice from another. George was so stunned that he didn’t quite notice, and he whispered, “Our relationship?” They hadn’t made anything official yet, and it was kind of mind boggling to hear it.

Despite the overlapping noise, the chaos, and everything swirling through Dream’s brain, he still heard George’s quiet words, and he hated how unsure they were. He realized he had done that to George, and he never should have. “Yes, Georgie, our relationship.”

“Oh, Dream!” George got a little choked up, and quickly muted himself, taking the time to gush on snapchat.

“Wait, did you guys just *officially* get together?” Karl asked excitedly, “On *my* stream?”

Dream couldn’t help but laugh. “I guess so, Karl.”

Suddenly, George realized what it actually meant. His sleep addled brain was slow, but it got there eventually, and he was horrified. He unmuted his mic. “Wait, did I just come out, live, in my *sleep?! ”*

“Apparently,” Dream replied.

George wasn’t exactly sure what to do about that, so he just sighed and said, “I guess that’s my queue to go to bed. DNF confirmed everyone, and goodnight!”

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